

Once up on a roof by [nessie_rules](#)

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Summary:

Take a VIP sneak peek at Mike's mind, an average teenager whose junior year is shaken up due to the entrance of Eleanor on his life, the seemingly quiet girl who he smoothly managed to avoid until his friend, ever the good samaritan, invited her to become a regular at their lunch table.

Despite her sweet and seemingly innocent behavior, Mike soon realized that this misterious girl was surrounded by danger and hidden secrets that could easily ruin anyone involved but he couldn't bring himself to care; after all, her crooked smile and puppy dog eyes had already done the trick a long time ago.

Once up on a roof

Author's Note:

Unfortunately, I don't own the majority of the characters but consider this a stranger things (mileven centric) AU.

I also apologize in advance for any incorrections since english isn't my first language and I'm new to the whole writing stories process. Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoy it :)

Her name is Eleanor; She's been adopted by my neighbor, the police chief who moved in with his son during summer break. I've also been told that she's originally from Sweden and while there's no noticeable accent, it's clear that she stumbles around with some words. By the blank look that graces her features whenever an idiomatic expression is said, you can tell those aren't her strong point either. She's actually not very talkative, which given the circumstances is totally understandable.

Her cheeks always acquire a deep shade of pink once an unfamiliar word is pronounced and while she scrunches up her little elf nose in confusion and her eyebrows are immediately drawn together, she refuses to ask what the word means, either way too stubborn or ashamed to do so. She's slightly shorter than me and extremely tiny, her blonde hair that reminds me of silk leans more towards the straight type and brushes past her shoulders and I can tell that she does have an odd enfatuation towards pink dresses, as well as school girl skirts since that's all she has worn for the last two weeks of the first term of our junior year.

Considering how her house is right next to mine and our bedrooms are parallel to each other , our almost shared roofs and big glass windows have allowed me to witness her ridiculous attempts at dancing around when she's alone in said bedroom, unaware of my amused eyes watching her. It's borderline funny how she's so unaware sometimes. In fact, I bet you my monthly allowance that she has yet to notice that I live right next to her.

Although despite her unawareness, she's somehow quite observant, as her brown orbs- a shade warmer and richer than my own- often scan her surroundings, every single person present being analysed under her scrutinizing gaze. How can that be?

My sister once said that people with brown eyes are way more observant, a lame excuse that she had created to explain why she's the airhead of the family, blaming her green orbs for her lack of attentiveness, something I'd found naturally ridiculous back then, though maybe it does have some accuracy, so there's that.

Across from Eleanor and right next to me, Lucas patiently noms on his pasta, pausing every now and then to throw in a few sarcastic remarks, his ultimate trademark. His dark hair and varsity jacket almost make him look too cool to sit with us. He's a jock now, undoubtedly the most popular member of our group and (not surprisingly) the only one who has a girlfriend, a cheerleader named Sarah who he often ignores, preferring to accompany Dustin - and the rest of us as well, but mostly Dustin- his ultimate bestfriend, through his daily adventures.

Dustin is currently sat next to Eleanor, clad in a black button up jacket and his blue eyes confirm the stereotype created by my sister, since he's not the observant type either. You could say he's the funny guy of the group, although I do prefer to call him the joke stealer. Dustin used to be the quiet chubby kid, much similar to my old self- which is basically why we've been friends for four years now, consistently bonding over our love towards jokes and science through our miserable years of middle school.

After growing into what they call 'a super hot guy', Dustin's self esteem hit the sky and he turned into quite the social king, a shocking upgrade which earned him a group of fangirls who gush over him daily and fight for a place on our table, something we've always kindly rejected, considering how this table is for our restrict group of close guy friends, something Will clearly didn't think about when he decided to invite El to join us. How will the poor blonde make any female friends now, when the majority of them spend a great deal of their time glaring at the back of Eleanor's head who has yet to notice the female hostility towards her?

Right in between him and El, there's Will, the geekiest among our crowd, known as the good samaritan due to his heart of gold and daily kind smiles. He's the absolute opposite of Lucas, both physically and emotionally. Nonetheless, he fits in just as well as any of us. His dirty blonde hair and brown eyes allied to his often quiet demeanour caused multiple rumours to fly around as people started creating them in order to force a non-existent bond between him and El; some were straight up stupid while others were half amusing. My favourite of all is the one about El being his long lost twin, kidnapped and dragged away to Sweden as a child. Tremendously ridiculous indeed but it still deserves an A+ for creativity.

As for me, well, I'm "Mike!" The joke stealer exclaims, bringing me back to reality as the harsh intense smell of fries suddenly fills my nostrils, making me want to throw up all over his face.

"Can we talk privately?" His question is followed by a playfully offended gasp from Lucas, who touches his chest with a seemingly sad expression etched on his face. "I'm wounded."

"Wounded." The blonde girl softly repeats under her breath and I turn my attention to her, watching as confusion plasters itself on Eleanor's face.

"Yeah, wounded. Hurt." I hear myself clarify before following Dustin to the emptiest corner of the cafeteria, thankfully away from the gross smell invading my personal space just a few seconds ago. "Alright, what's going on?"

"What's going on? I should be asking you that, don't you think?" He crosses his arms over his chest, seemingly waiting for an explanation and I feel my eyebrows rise in surprise at the surprising turn this conversation is taking. "Nothing." My voice is layered by a defensiveness as I heave a sigh, fearing the worst as he comfortingly pats my shoulder.

Oh and by the worst, I mean one of his lame improvised pep talks which everyone secretly despises yet pretends to adore in order to not damage his self esteem. Considering how confident and proud of himself Dustin looks whenever he kindly delivers one to whoever is feeling particularly sulky on that day, nobody really has the heart to

ruin it for him.

"Are you sure? I feel like you haven't been acting like yourself lately." His voice takes a concerned tone and once his words sink in, my annoyance level decreases a few notches. Now I understand what's this all about; he's worried that I might be reverting to the old version of myself, a geeky middle schooler who was overly sensitive, never spoke up and failed at sustaining solid friendships.

Wow, I really was a miserable kid.

A beat of silence and a defeated grunt later, I settle for the truth. "I'm fine, I've just been thinking about...stuff." Not wanting to elaborate, my gaze flies away from my blue eyed friend and accidentally falls on Eleanor's face instead.

I'm surprised to find the blonde openly staring at me with an unreadable expression on her face and I must admit that under her scrutinizing gaze, I almost feel intimidated. Arching my eyebrows at her boldness, I glance at her with the most intimidating look I can muster, hoping that it'd somehow make her look away.

Before I can check whether or not my trick has worked, I'm the one to tear my gaze away from the tiny girl, bringing my attention back to my concerned mate. "Huh?"

He rolls his eyes as I suppress a small snicker of pride. Annoying Dustin Henderson is not for everyone, you know. "I was saying that if you ever need to talk about it or you know-"

"Oh. Of course, yeah." I cut him short with a forced smile, literally saved by the bell as its deafening sound echoes through the lunchroom "Anyways, dude. I gotta go to class. See ya!" I bid him goodbye with a victorious smile and hurriedly make my way over to our table in order to get my stuff for class.

After gathering up my bag, I spot a bright pink one with a huge star on it. There's no need to analyze it- I already know who it belongs to. Unable to suppress another eye roll, I pick up Eleanor's bag, cursing blonde girls with observant eyes that are capable of staring into a guy's soul yet way too distracted to remember their own school bags.

Oh, the irony.

Walking down the hallways, I put my best efforts into being as discreet as possible, secretly hoping that everyone's just too engrossed in their own silly lives to notice the fact that I'm carrying a freaking pink bag.

I can't even hide it in my jacket, it's huge! Why would a tiny girl carry such a big heavy bag? Ugh. Girls and their stupid quirks.

Like a light at the end of the tunnel, I spot Lauren in the crowd. Her dark ponytail is swaying as a few students part in order to clear her path and let me tell you, I've never been this happy to see my sister.

"LAUREN" Immediately rushing to her side, I hand her Eleanor's bag, which she eyes with confusion.

"What the-" I quickly interrupt my sibling. "Shh. Just put this in your locker."

"Why? I don't even like pink!" My exasperation grows as my request clearly falls on deaf ears. "Just put this in your locker." I hiss out, feeling myself relax once she grabs it with a defeated expression.

"Thank you. It belongs to a-" Should I say friend? Ah no, she'd start teasing me about my romantic life, you know, my non-existent one. "girl."

"Oh really? I thought it was yours." And I suddenly have to fight the urge to throw my head against the metal lockers beside me. So much for not being mocked, huh. "Right. Bye."

"I love you too, Mikey !" I hear once I'm already walking away and my eyes widen at the use of the embarrassing nickname created by my evil sibling back when I was in elementary school. A few snickers fill the hallways and I immediately turn my head to stare daggers at the sources of such sounds, making them all go silent.

I don't see Eleanor for the rest of the day but I do cross paths with Lauren again. My heartless sister manages to find me two hours after the locker situation, so that she can give me back the stupid bag back with the excuse that its pinkness was infesting her sacred locker.

Nedless to say, I had to carry that pink monstrous thing home, subsequently fighting a few dozens of people who called me 'Barbie boy' as I quietly made my way out of the school building.

Hi, I'm Mike Wheeler and this is my life.